



Discover ▼

[Log in](#) | [Sign up](#)

The Nicest Kids in Town



dystopia

teenager

cult

129 1 13

Chapter 1 by SaintSayaka

They wear smiles brighter than their crisply ironed white blouses and polos. Girls wear the unmistakable pink bows around their heads like little crowns, and boys entertain blue bowties on their necks. Everyone in the neighborhood is hiding behind closed doors. I, caught off guard, have found refuge behind a particularly large bush. It offers just enough coverage, and they march past me, obviously unaware of my presence.

They're the Nicest Kids in Town. And I'm going to watch them take David away.

Chapter 2 by Nate



They're speaking with modulated voices, pleasant and controlled, but they are anything but that. Anyone who's been around here long enough knows what modulation truly is and who the devils underneath the honeysuckle lips are. 'David knew, too,' I remind myself, 'David knew, and he made his choice.'

I'm not in any gang. I never could be. But I made the mistake of befriending a frequent Bully and I had gotten him condemned. And it's unfair of me to put the blame of my friend. but it's all any

of us can do because we don't know how to live with guilt. Ironically, we all feel pretty guilty about it.

See more of Story Wars

[Login](#)

or

[Create new account](#)

accustomed to terrorizing unsuspecting victims. Which, in retrospect, is the class I fall into. And David stood up for me; all it took was one well-aimed punch to the nose. And all it rewarded him was the torture that was sure to follow.

The last silvery voices slip into the evening air and another wave of dread passes over me when raucous shouting replaces it. Shouting grief, shouting anger, shouting agony- it's all to apparent against the stillness of the air. We hate contrast as much as modulation. I can't hear the *smack* of punches or the slice of knives, but I know they're there. I know they're there, and it chokes me with guilt and dread.

Regretfully, I hope they kill him. Because although it comes with shame, pain, and tears, I don't want him to live with their smiles embedded behind his eyelids. I don't want anyone to live with the Nicest Smiles in Town embedded behind their eyelids, but there is nothing I can do.

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8 (1 draft)

 You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature

☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account